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EULOGY
ON
JOHN ALBION ANDREW,

DELIVERED BY
EDWIN P. WHIPPLE,

WITH AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY COUNCIL, AND AN
ACCOUNT OF THE SERVICES IN MUSIC HALL.



BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE AND SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET
1867.

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CITY OF BOSTON.

In Common Council, Nov. 26, 1867.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be presented to Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, for his eloquent and appropriate address on the Life and Character of the late John Albion Andrew, delivered before the City Government and citizens of Boston, this day, in the Music Hall.

ORDERED: That Mr. Whipple be requested to furnish a copy of his address for publication; and that the Committee on Printing be authorized to print one thousand copies of the same, together with the proceedings of the City Council upon the occasion of Mr. Andrew's decease.

Sent up for concurrence.

WESTON LEWIS,
President.

Concurred:

In Board of Aldermen, Dec. 2, 1867.

CHAS. W. SLACK,
Chairman.

Approved, Dec. 3, 1867.

OTIS NORCROSS,
Mayor.

EULOGY.

I AM not so presumptuous, Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the City Council, as to rise here with the intention to pronounce a eulogy on him whose sudden death sent such a shock of grieved surprise through the nation, for the universal sense of bereavement is the only fitting eulogy of the virtues and abilities whose departure it mourns. My more modest purpose is to attempt, as well as I can, to account for the influence he exerted during his life, and for the peculiar preciousness of the memory he has left behind him. It is generally felt that since the death of Lincoln the country has not been called upon to lament so great a public loss; and a simple statement of the qualities of mind and character which made him so honored and so endeared is, therefore, better than all panegyric.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW was, in the best sense of the word, well born. He came of that good New England stock in which conscience seems to be as hereditary as intelligence, and in which the fine cumulative results of the moral struggles and triumphs of many generations of honest lives appear to be transmitted as a spiritual inheritance. Born in Windham, Maine, on May 31st, 1818, at the time Maine was a part of Massachusetts, his genial nature was developed in the atmosphere of a singularly genial home. The power of attaching others to him began in his cradle, and did not end when all

that was mortal of him was tenderly consigned to the grave. Free from envy, jealousy, covetousness, and the other vices of disposition which isolate the person in himself, his sympathies were not obstructed in their natural outlet, and he early laid the foundation of his comprehensiveness of mind in his comprehensiveness of heart. He was not a bright boy in the sense of having that superficial perception and ready memory by which lessons are rapidly learned; but if his mental growth was slow it was sturdy, and what he acquired went to build up faculty and to pass as a force into character. At Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1837, he was indifferent to academic honors, and was surpassed in scholarship by many whom he obviously surpassed in all the qualities of intellectual manhood. His ambition at the age of nineteen had maturity in it, showing none of that passion for prominence which the young are apt to mistake for the deeper impulse which gradually lifts men to eminence. He took life in a large and leisurely way, unvexed by the fret and sting of unsatisfied vanities, and less anxious to shine in the estimation of others than to stand well in his own. Choosing the law for his profession, he came to this city to study it in the office of Henry H. Fuller, and in 1840 was admitted to the bar.

As a lawyer he rose but slowly into practice, and developed only by degrees those powers which eventually placed him in the front rank of his profession. There are some prodigies of legal learning and skill who have not only mastered the law, but been mastered by it. Their human nature seems lost in their legal

nature. But it was the law of Andrew's mind, that his character should keep on a level with his acquirements, and that the man should never be merged in the professional man. The freshness, elasticity and independence, the joyousness and the sturdiness, of his individuality, increased with the increase of his knowledge and experience. He showed, from the first, that he could, in Sir Edward Coke's phrase, "toil terribly." We have the testimony of his personal and professional friend, Mr. Chandler, that no man at the bar ever studied harder; that he looked up his cases with great care and zeal; that he was quick to seize points, and tenacious to hold them; that he was recognized at the bar as a dangerous opponent before he had acquired much outside reputation as a lawyer; that he tried a case with "courage, perseverance, spirit, and a dash of old-fashioned but manly temper"; and that he probably never lost a client who had once employed him. It is impossible to overrate the influence of this austere legal training in making him the great power in the State he finally became, for it was the union of the lawyer with the philanthropist that eventually produced the statesman.

And in passing from the lawyer to the philanthropist we find no break in the integrity of the man. His philanthropy was born of the two deepest elements of his being, beneficence and conscience, his love of his kind, and his sense of duty to his kind; and both had received Christian baptism. The virtues which Christianity enjoins he cultivated with a simple faith in their absolute excellence and authority, which was astonishing in a

busy layman; and the difficulty of classing him exclusively with any denomination of Christians, is due to the fact that though he held decided doctrines, he so subordinated theological doctrines to Christian virtues, that wherever the spirit of Christianity was, there was his church. The distinction between Unitarian and Trinitarian, between Protestant and Catholic, vanished the moment he recognized in another that love of God which comes out in service to man. During all the years he was toiling as a lawyer, he found time to give his thought, his eloquence and his learning,—he found time, I should more properly say, to give *himself*,—to all societies which contemplated the relief of the poor, the reform of the criminal, and the succor of the oppressed. Few men were connected with so many unfashionable and unpopular causes. Indeed it was only sufficient to know that alliance with any party or philanthropic cause was considered to involve some loss of social caste or business patronage, to be pretty sure that John A. Andrew was allied with it. And opposition and obloquy could not embitter his spirit. He was amused rather than exasperated at the idea that, in a Christian community, it could be considered, even by fops, a mark of vulgarity to apply Christian principles to politics and affairs. The champion of many causes, he escaped the narrowing influences which might have resulted from his exclusive devotion to any particular one, whilst his robustness of moral health saved him from all sentimentality, sanctimoniousness and cant. Moral sentimentality is to moral sentiment what indolent reverie is to executive thought. Sentiment is known by

its being concentrated on the object which calls it forth. Sentimentality, the epicurism of heart, is content to fondle its benevolent feelings, and shrinks from entering into the rough fight which the feelings were given to sustain. Now Andrew's sentiment was ever thoroughly vital, and impelled his whole moral force outward to a palpable object, to secure a practical good.

It is hardly necessary to refer to any instances of his public displays as a reformer, for what was obloquy then is glory now. The march of American society is so swift that the paradox of yesterday becomes the truism of to-day, and the short course of one life suffices to give a man the distinction of being mobbed by the same generation by which he is crowned. Even in conservative England, Lord Eldon, the type of toryism, and overloaded with wealth and honors, could, in his old age, as he saw Brougham and Denman rise to the highest judicial positions, ironically regret that he had not himself "begun in the sedition line." Without derogating from the honor of the reformer, without abating a tittle of the gratitude we owe to him, we must still remember that his assailants are his assistants, and that his views generally reach the public mind and conscience through the ill-meant machinations of his enemies. To be slandered is, in this country, to be famous, and if you wish to keep an innovator obscure, the only policy to be followed is the policy of silence. Andrew, doubtless enjoyed his share of the advantages of that publicity which is the direct result of being roundly abused, but there was one precious element in his beneficence which evaded this kind of renown. He loved not only to promote noble

causes, but to assist, elevate, counsel and console individuals. Had God not taken him to Himself with such suddenness, he would have felt the full consolation of the Scottish heroine's words, that when death comes, "it isna what we ha dune for oursells, but what we ha dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." The humblest officers of the philanthropist were dear to his kindly heart. The same instinct of humanity which impelled him to the platform, led him to the Sunday school and the conference meeting, to the pauper's sick bed and the prisoner's cell, to the chamber of the stricken mourner and the hiding place of the fugitive slave. The lame, the halt and the blind, morally as well as physically, he did not treat with the insolent condescension of a superior being, but with the cordial sympathy of a Christian brother. The soldier of justice became with these a minister of mercy, for he never visited them merely from that hard sense of duty which often further impoverishes and afflicts the poverty and affliction it coldly designs to serve. In the presence of the poor, the ignorant and the depraved, his countenance, like that of the good father of Solomon's house, in Bacon's *New Atlantis*, "was as the countenance of one who pities men." His great human sympathy and his massive manly sense communicated to them new life and energy, touching and unsealing in their breasts the springs of resolution and self-help, and flooding them with cheer — soul-cheer. These services to humanity were such as made no public noise, but their obscure record here is in "the red-leaved tables" of grateful

human hearts, and we may be sure that their "eternal blazon" is where he reads them now!

But if this sympathy with his kind was, on its serious side, so true and strong, it was no less humane on its humorous side. His large nature embraced the ludicrous aspects of life and character as well as their solemn phase, and his humorous insight softened the austerity of his moral insight. A man of ideas, he still had little of the intolerance so often linked with fervid convictions, and in dealing with human affairs he always allowed for human nature. Now without ludicrous perception, toleration, to an earnest man, is impossible, for he cannot detect the line which separates folly and weakness from knavery and crime; he cannot distinguish between opinions and persons; above all, he cannot get into the hearts of men, where the strange tragi-comedy of human life is rehearsed. Andrew knew very well that the world was not composed of Andrews, and he did not insist that it should be composed of Andrews. He was not only tolerant of other individualities, but he took pleasure in the peculiarities which distinguished them from himself. Brought up in a New England country town, where individualities are strongly marked, where even oddities and eccentrics are still "neighbors," and endowed with that peculiar neighborly feeling which is unknown to our cities, he early slid easily into fellowship with those whose natures as well as opinions differed from his own. A "character" was to him an object of the intensest enjoyment, and anecdotes, which illustrated or embodied character, he delighted both to hear and to tell. The flash and the

sting of wit, the swift jest launched *at* a thing or person, did not specially please him; but a stroke or trait of humor, which let light into the moral constitution of an individual, and which enabled him humorously to sympathize with the frailty at which he laughed, filled him with the sunniest exhilaration. His keen sense of humor, indeed, was the most satisfying of all the methods by which he obtained his wide knowledge of men, for it gave him the power to see clear through imperfect characters without despising them, and saved his sagacity from that hard, cynical contemptuousness which is apt to poison worldly shrewdness when divorced from love. It was delicious to observe the smiling knowingness in his eyes, the laughing glow shed all over his face, when he touched on some example of human littleness, or weakness, or prejudice, or hypocrisy; and if he himself was the intended victim of the bigotry or artifice, it did not seem to take much from his relish of the humor of the thing. Indeed, in the reach of its humorous no less than its serious sympathies, our Andrew's heart, in the philosopher's noble image, "was not an island cut off from other men's lands, but a continent which joined to them."

It is important thus to emphasize the essential humanity of his sentiments, in order to appreciate the sweetness which penetrated his force. But it must not be supposed that his tenderness or his toleration made him compliant in making him humane. His tenderness did not render him incapable of that moral wrath which is frequently the indispensable condition of moral might. Still less did his toleration relax the

tough fibre of his individual integrity. If Massachusetts ever produced a man who was thoroughly incorruptible, who was insensible to bribes presented to vanity, prejudice and ambition as well as to interest, and whom all the powers of the world could not push or persuade into a dishonest action, that man was John A. Andrew. This integrity he prized beyond all earthly goods and all earthly blessings. It was the rock on which his character was built, and it could not be unfixed without bringing down the whole fabric of his being into cureless ruin. To doubt its genuineness were not only infamous but ridiculous. It remains with us, though he has left us, and as an inspiring and monitory moral force it still pleads, warns, animates, commands, crying to every man, in high or humble station, "Though all things else fail, hold fast to your integrity:"

"Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match."

And this integrity ran through his mental as well as his moral being. The genuineness of his nature revolted at all pretension and falseness in matters intellectual, no less than in matters moral. He trained his perceptions to be sure and keen; he sought to see things as they are in themselves, and not as they are transformed by our amiable desires; and truth of fact was as necessary to him as truth of principle. He knew, indeed, that thoughts can be converted into facts only by a clear previous perception of the facts which the thoughts are directed to modify or supplant; and that, to shape

things as they should be, they must first be seen exactly as they are. Hence the sound sense at the base of his mind, the "large round about sense," which sometimes startled and sometimes vexed those who expected and predicted that his action, on certain occasions, would be decided by his feelings rather than by his judgment. He was full of that mother wit which average New Englanders demand in the man they trust. The very "set" of his head on his shoulders inspired men with confidence, for it told them that the fervor of his sentiments was not more evident than the sobriety and massiveness of his mind. His understanding was not only broad, but it kept broadening, rapidly adapting itself to unexpected exigencies, and ever as comprehensive as the occasion which called for its exercise. The more complicated a question became, the wider its bearings, the more the subtlety of his intellect sharpened to seize its elusive points, the more the scope of his intellect enlarged to grasp its remoter relations. He always surprised his most admiring friends by his equality with every emergency as it arose, and he even extorted from political opponents the grumbling confession that "the fanatic" really had in him, somehow or other, the sagacity and the decision of the statesman.

Finally, Governor Andrew had that kindling and animating quality which we call SOUL. This pervaded sentiment, conscience, understanding, character, with its subtle but potent essence. This ran, like life-blood, through all "the veins of his intellectual frame." This brought him into direct contact with principles, and opened to him the vital sources of inspiration. This

supplied to patience and to hope that great "Army of Reserve" which repeated defeats could not exhaust. This glorified the hardest as well as the humblest toil with a shining motive, and, to use his own favorite quotation,

" — made drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room as for God's law,
Makes that and the action fine."

And this communicated to his whole nature that power of magnetizing others, which comes from no extent of learning, no breadth of understanding, no heat of mere passion, but is the attribute of a commanding personality alone. This magnetism made his acts and words efficient because it made them contagious, and people caught from him, as by spiritual infection, courage and wisdom, patriotism and philanthropy, confidence in principle and trust in God.

That such a man should be made Governor of Massachusetts was of course an inevitable incident in the logic of events. He could not have prevented it had he tried. But the exact time at which he was elected had in it something Providential. Never did the Ship of State more need such firmness, wisdom, forecast and energy at the helm.

" Each petty hand
'Can steer a ship becalmed ; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents ; how to shift his sails ;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers ;
What her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them ;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her ;
The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms and tempests ; when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven ; then to manage her
Becomes the name and office of a pilot."

And such a pilot Governor Andrew proved himself to be. Knowing, as he did, the philosophy of the slave system, and knowing, also, the purposes of its champions, the Slaveholders' Rebellion could not take him by surprise. As early as the middle of December, 1860, he had visited Washington, conversed familiarly with the leading public men of the South, and clearly perceived that all the movements relating to compromise were but scenes in a clumsily acted political farce. He looked straight through all the plausibilities to the realities of the situation, and returned to Boston as much convinced that the South meant war, as he was on the day when the first gun fired on Sumter woke everybody to the fact. From his insight sprang his foresight. It was mainly through his exertions that the active militia of Massachusetts were placed on a war footing, ready to march at the first word of command. You all remember with what sagacity this was done, and you all remember, too, with what sneers and gibes his forecast was then rewarded. His general order to the militia was promulgated in January 1861, and the memorable 12th of April, which opened the costliest and bloodiest of civil wars, found him all prepared. He received his telegram from Washington, for troops, on Monday, April 15. He was able to say that by nine o'clock on the next Sunday morning, "the whole number of regiments demanded from Massachusetts were already either in Washington, or in Fortress Monroe, or on their way to the defence of the Capitol." It was at midnight on the 19th of April, after the exhausting labors of the day, that he wrote, at his own house,

the despatch to the Mayor of Baltimore, which has so endeared him to the popular heart. "I pray you," he wrote, "to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved with ice, and *tenderly* sent forward by express to me." His activity during the first month of the war was not more marked than his mental self-possession. The rush and whirl of events did not hurry him from his balance. Overwhelmed with all sorts of propositions, recommendations, proposals, pertinent and impertinent, such as might be expected in an emergency when the confusion of men's minds was as great as the warmth of their sentiments, the Governor stood firm and calm, listening, analyzing, deciding, quick to detect what was judicious, proof against all the generousities of unreason. No one was more impassioned than he,—no one was more serene and self-centred. He was all alive, soul and body, heart and brain, and being all alive, his intellect showed its clearness and grasp as well as his sensibility its fire and impulse. "There is nothing," we are told, "more terrible than activity without insight," and the Governor's activity was identical with his insight. He decided swiftly and he decided surely. The rarest quality of comprehensive statesmanship, the readiness to assume responsibility, seemed native to his intrepid intelligence. "Immediately,"—he writes to President Lincoln on the third of May,—“on receiving your Proclamation, we took up the war, and have carried on our part of it, in the spirit in which we believe the Administration and the American people intend to act, namely, as if there was not an inch of red tape in the

world." So thoroughly kindled was his whole nature that when, a few days later, he addressed the Legislature, in its extra session, his rapid recital of the powers he had assumed, and the work he had done, combined the explicitness of a business document with something of the lyric rush of an ode of triumph.

This unwearied fire of soul burned steadily within him during the whole five years of heroic effort and heroic toil, which made his administration such an epoch in the history of the State. He knew that the disease of which he eventually died might strike him at any moment. Three months before he entered on his glorious career as governor, he was warned by his physician that any over-exertion of brain would endanger his health, and probably his life. He was notoriously as regardless of the warning, as a brave soldier, going to battle, would be regardless of the admonition that he might be hit by a bullet. The care that a man takes of his health should of course be subordinate to his sense of duty. Considerations of hygiene did not enter into the soul of William of Orange, doing that which he knew would reduce him to an "asthmatic skeleton;" into the soul of Milton, doing that which he knew would deprive him of his sight; into the soul of Latimer, doing that which he knew would lead him to the stake. On the same principle, Governor Andrew felt that he was at his post, not to take care of himself, but to look after the rights and interests of others; and indeed, any man who evades the duty of the hour in order to save himself for some future great occasion, is a man to whom no great occasion will ever come.

Taking thus his life in his hand, he, in the most emphatic sense of the phrase, "enlisted for the war." To perform every duty as it rose or as it was anticipated, was both his labor and his delight. "The only question," he said, "which I can entertain, is what *to do* ; and when that question is answered, the other is what *next to do*." The record of that heroic activity is too long to be recited here. There is no time even to allude to more than a few of its shining results. The mere statement of the fact that Massachusetts, during the war, contributed nearly a hundred and sixty thousand men to the army and navy, and expended nearly twenty-eight millions of dollars from her own Treasury, shows how laborious and how sagacious must have been the exertions of her executive head. But the details of all this work, the wear and tear of heart and brain they involved, the minute supervision they required, the audacity and the tact demanded for their skilful management, the fret, anxiety, perplexity, disappointment, which were their too common accompaniments,—who shall estimate them? The Governor drudged in the service of a clear-seeing, far-seeing statesmanship, but the drudgery was still exhausting to body and mind. And then the prejudices he had to overcome! He saw from the first that the war must destroy slavery, and he urged the issuing of the Presidential Proclamation of Emancipation before it came. What cries from prudent patriots that he was perilling the cause by his wish to give it a new moral stimulant! He saw from the first that the negroes should have a part in the war which was sure to emancipate them, and he was the first Northern Governor to

organize black regiments. What gibes from fathers of families whose sons his policy saved from the draft! In the fourteen or fifteen thousand military appointments he made, how often must he have wounded the self-esteem of disappointed applicants, and how bitter was often their resentment! And in addition to his labors in the State itself, it is to be remembered that his duties called him frequently to Washington to press the settlement of State claims on the National Government, to enforce his views of public policy on the National Administration, and especially to insist that no just complaints of his Massachusetts regiments should be left unrelieved.

But while he thus showed himself so indefatigable in all matters relating to the war, no Governor that Massachusetts ever had did more to promote those interests which are commonly supposed to flourish best in times of peace. The great uprising and awakening of the public intelligence and conscience, which thrilled the meanest hearts and narrowest minds with unaccustomed throbs of generous sentiment, enabled him to get some bad laws repealed and many good ones enacted. The act which discriminated between native and foreign citizens, called the "Two Years' Amendment," was struck from the Statute Book. The noble measure of organizing a Board of State Charities was initiated and put in operation. The legal limitation of the rate of interest on money was shown to be unsound by unanswerable arguments. All the questions relating to divorce, and the abolition of the death penalty, were pushed anew on the attention of the Legislature. The

finances of the State were reorganized. The paramount interests of industry, in all departments, agricultural, manufacturing and mechanical, were advanced by judicious legislation. The great heart of the Governor glowed with the ambition to make the productive energies of the State more than offset all the waste of war, and no miser ever gloated over additions to his own wealth, as this magistrate, honorably poor, rejoiced, in his messages, over every addition to the wealth of the community. But he was not solicitous merely for the material advancement of the State — he was not even content with the passage of measures which contemplated the moral improvement of the people. He desired that Massachusetts, in all the straits of war, should be true to her traditional aspirations for intellectual renown. The scholars who urged on him the wants of her colleges, the men of science who called his attention to the claims of the Institute of Technology and the Natural History Society, found in him the most sympathetic of listeners and most cordial of friends. And it was mainly through his impelling counsel that the State gave large and liberal aid to an institution of pure science — to that comprehensive Museum of Comparative Zoology, which, when completed in the spirit in which it has been begun, will embody, in visible related forms, the thoughts and facts teeming in the mind of Agassiz.

A Governor thus active in so many directions, and who made himself felt in every department of the administration of State affairs, must have been gifted with an energetic will. That this did not degenerate into wil-

fulness and obstinacy is shown by the fact that he could readily learn from other minds, and that there was what New Englanders call "give" to his own. He not only listened to advice, but he had the tact to distinguish and to seek out the individuals most competent to offer it. The nobler qualities of will, its persistency and tenacity, he had in full measure, and these made him, in all times of panic and senseless clamor, "a Pillar steadfast in the storm." No one better illustrated Franklin's maxim: "Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve." He was of course thought to be obstinate by those who brought their own obstinacy into conflict with his determination, for his will in such cases could not be broken down. Sometimes, it must be admitted, he very violently disregarded the politician's motto, that a public man ought to refuse a request as if he were conferring a favor. It was hard to say to an applicant for office, as he is reported once to have said, "Sir, I have patiently listened to all you have urged in behalf of your claims, and I must frankly tell you that your chance of getting the place is about as great as your chance of being killed by lightning on the top of Mount Washington in January." At other times this slight roughness, never without a touch of humor in it, was but the vigorous assertion of his willingness on all occasions to assume the responsibility of his acts. When entreated by many political and personal friends to withdraw his objections to an appointment, on the ground that if he persisted in them he would raise a clamor in his own party, he replied:

“Throw the responsibility on me alone. If I am willing to take the devil by the horns, what need you care?”

But his admirable patience never felt these little irritations, in cases where humanity was concerned. He was a democrat through and through, feeling himself on an equality with all, but never putting on airs of condescension to any. “I know not,” he once said, “what record of sin awaits me in the next world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black.” Sir Frederic Bruce, the British Minister, once called upon him at the State House, and found the room nearly filled with colored women, who had come to the Governor to obtain news of fathers, brothers and sons, enlisted in the black regiments of Massachusetts. Sir Frederic waited, while the Governor, with kindly patience, listened to complaints, answered questions, gave advice, and tried to infuse consolation and cheer into the hearts of his humble friends. After these interviews were all over, the turn of the British Minister came, and he was a man with the nobility of soul to appreciate what he had witnessed. Claspings the Governor by the hand, he declared, that, whatever might be the advantages of a republican government, he had never believed that it could assume a paternal character, but what he had just seen proved to him how much he had been mistaken. Indeed this paternal feeling and paternal care of the Governor for the brave “boys” of all the Massachusetts regiments, had the homeliness and heartiness of personal affection. His agents were in all camps

looking after their rights and interests. Pinched by cold or wilted by heat, in all straits of hunger and privation, their strength was never so far gone as to prevent their raising a ringing cheer for Governor Andrew. They knew that his pride gloried in every achievement of their valor; they knew, too, that his indignation glowed, white-hot, at every story of their wrongs. He could not endure the thought of their being exposed to needless suffering by any oversight or blundering on the part of the authorities. Receiving, in the depth of winter, an urgent request from the War Office that a regiment, not yet properly equipped, should be sent immediately to Washington, he despatched it on the assurance that all its wants should be supplied on its arrival. Hearing that it had been stopped on the way, and that it was undergoing cruel privations, he started instantly for the camp, determined at least to share the misery he might not be able to relieve; and he would not budge an inch until the regiment was sent on to its destination. Indeed he would have blushed to enter heaven, carrying thither the thought that he had regarded his own comfort rather than the least duty he owed to the poorest soldier-citizen.

And when peace came it was found that he, who in the darkest periods of the war had never once lost heart or hope, was entirely uncorrupted by the passions which war commonly leaves behind it. His noble Valedictory Address to the Legislature, bearing on every page the marks of a broad, sagacious, magnanimous statesmanship, shows that the strife had given no obliquity to his understanding, had left no feeling of vengeance in

his heart. The growth of his mind and nature was remarkable during those five years in which he had the opportunity to condense the experience and almost the work of fifty. When he left office he was unmistakably one of the first statesmen in the land. Not the least striking sign of the massiveness and integrity of his character was the fact that its great leading features were so stamped on the public mind that slanders could not injure his reputation. As soon as the lie was launched, as soon as the imputation was made, everybody felt that it did not fit,—that it was not “in keeping” with the individuality. He commonly laughed at it himself, as he would have laughed at any other incongruity. Once the vivid image on the public mind seemed for a moment blurred; it was, however, graven too deep and strong to be effaced. But his character was not merely original, it was originating. He belonged to that class of statesmen of genius who help to shape the history of their times, and whose characters melt into the current of creative forces which determine events. He had that wisdom which results from the vital assimilation of large experience, and which, in practical affairs, operates with some of the celerity of instinct and some of the certainty of intuition. Do you object that he made mistakes? Of course he made mistakes. “The age of miracles has passed.” But it is as true of the statesman as of the general, that he is the best who makes the fewest, and Governor Andrew’s mistakes are almost forgotten in the throng of his wise acts and judgments. In fine, it is to the honor of Massachusetts that in such a man the State was felt to be individualized; and in respect to the two

statues which Massachusetts is to place in the capitol at Washington, it is certainly fit that the statue of the greatest of her governors should stand by the side of the statue of her first.

It was in the height of his reputation and the maturity of his powers, withdrawn from public office but full in the public eye, with conspicuous abilities seemingly destined to be exercised in the loftiest place, and with that noble ambition which comes from the consciousness of tested capacity for great affairs, that his career of usefulness, of duty, of glory, was suddenly but gently arrested. There was no lingering disease; there was no slow decay :

“God’s finger touched him, and he slept.”

Asleep but still alive! Thou whose soul on earth pierced the veil which separates the present from the future life, — thou who didst ever act from large perceptions of the whole height and reach of thy being, — thou who wert warm with the affections and wise with the thoughts which take hold of the life immortal, — we cannot associate thee with the name of death! The feeling of every citizen that he had met a personal loss, the tears streaming from the eyes of stricken friends, the pomp of funeral pageantry which bore witness to the mourning of a great State — these showed how much love and reverence followed thy mortal frame to the grave; but what the grave could not inclose, what Death himself could not disintegrate, the solid substance of thy firm-knit character, — that remains to thee, and to us, a possession forever!

APPENDIX.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW died at his residence in Boston, on Wednesday evening, October 30, 1867. On the following day, his Honor the Mayor called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen, to which he made the following communication :

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
BOSTON, Oct. 31, 1867.

To the Honorable the City Council :

GENTLEMEN : A great and sudden grief has fallen upon us. God, in his infinite wisdom, has taken from us one of our most eminent citizens. All lovers of freedom,—all who respect genuine integrity of character,—the friends of humanity everywhere, will mourn the death of John A. Andrew as a great public bereavement.

His many virtues as a private citizen, his promptness and energy, coupled with his inflexible determination to uphold the right, and his untiring devotion to the great interests of our country during his long occupation of the highest office within this Commonwealth, gained for him the love and respect, not alone of the people of this State and city, but of the whole nation.

When called upon to part with one whose integrity of purpose, and faithful, self-sacrificing efforts for the good of his fellow-men are so fully appreciated by his fellow-citizens, it is eminently proper that we should meet together and make public record of our estimate of so noble a character, as well as our sense of the public loss.

Conscious that you will sympathize with me in the views I have expressed, I have called you together that you may have an opportunity to take such action as you deem advisable.

Alderman CHARLES W. SLACK, Chairman of the Board, said :

Mr. Mayor : I have listened with that mournful satisfaction to your announcement of the death of the late Governor of the Commonwealth — the Honorable John A. Andrew — that always accompanies a fitting tribute to the worth of a departed eminent fellow-citizen.

The late Governor, whom you have so truthfully and feelingly described, was born of Massachusetts parents, who took up their residence at Windham, in Maine, before that province became an independent State, in 1818. My acquaintance with him commenced nearly twenty years ago, when, as one of the young men of the State, he, like myself, united his fortunes with a rising political party, to which, under different names, we have been attached ever since. It was in this organization that I first discovered his sagacity, his courage, his conscientiousness and his great humanity. He was true and faithful to every conviction of his heart, come what might to his aspirations and desires. He was clear-minded and high-principled, and he impressed his rare conscientiousness on his associates long before he ever dreamed of official honors, or was marked for public distinction.

I then knew something of him in the profession which he adopted for his maintenance. There the same traits were visible. He was a devoted, faithful and sympathetic counsellor. No client in distress ever appealed to him in vain. If nothing more, kindly words and good advice, in sympathetic tones, came from him. As an advocate, he was preëminently faithful. I have known him in intricate and difficult cases, — where large and involved interests were in suit, where unfortunate marriage

relations were to be settled, and where property alone was the stake, — and in all there was alike integrity to client and a due award to justice. He was the honest, trusted attorney, whom all men respected.

His political experience was but brief (one year only in the Legislature), when he was called to the chair of the Chief Magistrate of our ancient Commonwealth. And here his wonderful sagacity was manifested. He saw, before other men, the impending danger to our nationality. We all remember his preparations and foresightedness, — his celebrated “Order No. 4,” before the war broke out, when he asked every militia-man in the State to signify whether or not, if called upon to defend the national cause, he could go; his careful preparations, also, for the comfort of the men expected to be called into service, by the provision of suitable garments; and, indeed, in all his measures ere the conflict was precipitated, from January to April of the memorable first year of the rebellion. What this wonderful prescience foreshadowed was observed all through the long and trying five years of the contest, — every precaution for the safety and comfort of our men, and an intense personal interest that the humblest of our soldiers should have no wrongs unredressed, no privileges obtainable unrealized, no rewards for faithful duty withheld. And it may be said truthfully that no claim of anxious father, no appeal from devoted mother, in behalf of one of these sons of Massachusetts, ever came to Governor Andrew and found him an inattentive auditor. He gave himself unreservedly, heart and brain, by day and night, to the national cause, knowing no rest till the great struggle was over, — a conscientious, unselfish, humane and thoroughly *good* man.

But, Mr. Mayor, I hesitate at further remark, lest I seem to be drawn into unmeasured eulogy. Nothing do I dislike more than fulsome praise of the dead. For me the most fitting testimonial of the departed is the uprightness and nobleness of character of his living. These be the worthiest monuments for the dead; and

if he goes hence with the praise, as now, of all in the community for conscientious well-doing, then, indeed, has his monument of remembrance the perfect finish, compared with which the workmanship of the material obelisk is the idle ornamentation that speedily is fretted away! The lustre of his obelisk is the unenforced appreciation of every member of the community that he lived for the good of his fellows, and served faithfully every trust committed to him. This will always abide, illumined by the light of universal recognition. That such memorial of a nobly rounded-out life,—a humane, upright, conscientious and Christian existence,—is to be that of John A. Andrew, none at this Board, it seems to me, can for a moment doubt!

Mr. Mayor, with your leave, I will submit the following resolutions, as the sense of the city of Boston in this great bereavement:

CITY OF BOSTON,
In Board of Aldermen, Oct. 31, 1867.

Whereas, the Municipality of Boston, in common with our beloved State and the nation, is called to mourn the death of an eminent citizen in the person of JOHN ALBION ANDREW, late Governor of Massachusetts, it is, by the City Council of Boston,

Resolved, That the great grief now resting upon our community is shared fully by the members of this Government.

Resolved, That we recall with high satisfaction his early devotion to the great principles of personal freedom and civil liberty; his upright and conscientious course as counsellor and friend; his intelligent, cordial and dignified intercourse with his fellow-citizens in private life; his comprehensive, faithful and laborious career as a legislator; his preëminently sagacious, patriotic and successful administration as Chief Magistrate of our ancient Commonwealth,—exemplifying, in his every position in life, the character of a great and good man, a wise patriot and statesman, and a pure and humble Christian.

Resolved, That the members of the City Council will show their respect to his memory by attending his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the afflicted family of the deceased.

Alderman JARVIS D. BRAMAN made a few appropriate remarks, in commendation of the proposed action.

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted, — the members of the Board rising in their places.

Alderman SLACK then offered the following order :

Ordered, That a Joint Special Committee be appointed to consider and report upon the expediency of any further manifestation of regard by the municipal authorities of Boston, for our late fellow citizen, JOHN A. ANDREW.

The order was passed, and Aldermen SLACK, BRAMAN and CUMSTON, were appointed on the Committee on the part of the Board of Aldermen.

A meeting of the Common Council was held on the evening of the thirty-first of October, and at the conclusion of the regular business, the President *pro tempore*, CHARLES CAVERLY, JR., Esquire, read the communication of His Honor the Mayor, announcing the death of MR. ANDREW, and the resolutions of the Board of Aldermen. The question being upon the adoption of the resolutions in concurrence, Hon. Charles R. Train, Walbridge A. Field, Esquire, Benjamin F. Stevens, Esquire, Hon. John C. Tucker, and Lieutenant Albert F. Upton eulogized the deceased statesman, and the resolutions were then unanimously passed, the members rising in their places.

The order for the appointment of a Joint Special Committee to consider the expediency of any further manifestation of

Poorly our blended efforts try
 To set his image in his room;
 We lift the Poet's laurel high
 To lay it on the Patriot's tomb.

And this I said when, laid in earth,
 His funeral song was asked of me:
 "The world has few to match his worth,
 And none to praise it perfectly."

5. CHORUS — "Happy and blest are they who have endured!
 For though the body dies, the soul shall live
 forever," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." By
*Members of the Handel and Haydn Society
 and others, with Orchestra.*
6. EULOGY — By *Edwin P. Whipple.*
7. ANDANTE from the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven — By *the
 Orchestra.*
8. CHORAL — By *Sebastian Bach, Voices and Organ:*

I.

What God does, surely is well done,
 On Him be our reliance!
 O, may our will with His be one,
 And bid the world defiance!
 No foe can harm,
 No fear alarm,
 For God is alway near us, —
 Call Him, and He will hear us.

II.

What God appoints is surely right,
 His will I would not alter;
 If o'er rough ways, in darkest night,
 He lead, I will not falter.
 He reigns above,
 And He is love!
 His eyes do still behold me,
 His tender arms enfold me.

9. BENEDICTION — Pronounced by *Rev. Edward T. Taylor.*